

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## TAX TO STOP BARTER OF TITLES.

By Paul Morton.



The attitude of certain foreign noblemen toward Americans is that we ought to produce heiresses here for the export market. I have heard representatives of this class frankly say that they were not brought up to work; that they do not know how to make money. They expect somebody to look after the material things of this world, so that they may get a share of good living, and, as the Americans seem to be the most successful money makers nowadays, why shouldn't they trade their titles for the dollars of American heiresses? I have seen recently some of the most astounding and barefaced negotiations in this line of bargaining. It was amazed at the fathers who consented to it, even participated in it—men of strength and character at home. I have felt sorry for husbands led by their wives in the mad chase after titled society.

I would like to see an export tax of generous dimensions levied on American heiresses. This would be in the interest of the home. It might keep the American heiresses on this side of the Atlantic. It might keep the American fortunes here, and it might keep some of the foreign nobility at home.

## CHINA AT LAST COMING INTO ITS OWN.

By Lord William Cecil.



The Chinese gentleman has been trained in the philosophy, history and culture of his race, and both in his speech and in his thought he bears the marks of the excellency of that training. He has now thoroughly realized his national weakness and his consequent humiliation, and the whole mass of intelligent thought in China, which was a few years ago conservative and obscurantist, has now become progressive, even revolutionary.

China has postoffice, modern currency, telegraph offices, a school system, in fact all the legacies of western civilization. And now she is inaugurating a constitution. At one moment she even ran to a feminist movement, where, having apparently muddled the whole thing and confused it with the rational dress movement, the girls turned out dressed as boys, for they understood that was what was done in the west.

No nation can now say it does not matter what is happening to another. Movements are becoming more and more international. We may speak a different language to other nations, we may pride ourselves on our national individuality, but nevertheless we all try to imitate one another. You may go from Vladivostok through Europe to Vancouver and you will find practically the same customs prevailing, the same thoughts in fashion.

Up to a recent date China was absolutely indifferent. Trousers, the garb sacred to masculinity, which even the most reckless suffragette does not don, was the common garb of women folk, and likewise men's

thoughts ran in different lines. Now all this is changing and China is fast becoming a member of our civilization. When she does who will be bold enough to say that fashions originating in China will not spread to the west?

There must be no casting on the rubbish heap of all things Chinese because they are Chinese. The priceless jewels of Chinese wisdom must be preserved. Secondly, there must be built into the Chinese culture the higher and finer part of our social system.

## EGOTISM MOST INSIDIOUS DISEASE.

By John A. Howland.



An old friend of mine, a pastmaster in the art of business on a scale involving millions of dollars and thousands of men, insists that one of the greatest handicaps of the young man in business life is an excess of egotism. He admits that a certain stimulus of egotism may be necessary and natural to youth, but long ago he made up his mind that he preferred the young man lacking in egotism to the young man afflicted with an excess of it.

It is one of the subtle characteristics of egotism that it operates in ways making it impossible that the egotist himself shall have the least practical line upon its results. In taking the egotistical point of view to himself the young man constitutes himself the judge of all his accomplishments. Some one else is paying him for services which he is required to render to the satisfaction of that employer, but under the influence of his own egotism that young man may find that suddenly he has assumed the attitude merely of pleasing himself. And it is one of the marked tendencies of the position that the further the egotist goes in this direction the easier he finds it to satisfy his own vanity.

Get a line on yourself if you can find reason for suspecting yourself of tendencies to egotism. Get the opinion, too, from some person or persons who will hand you the truth as they see it. You can't afford to take the risk of the disease.

## TRIALS OF THE WESTERN SETTLER.

By J. B. Decan.



After the prospective settler reaches his new home, whether it be in Alberta, Canada, or in the panhandle of Texas, he must acquaint himself with his neighbors and the territory in which he is to live and remember that every one looks upon a stranger with a suspicious eye. Therefore, before he can become acquainted with his new neighbors, he must receive many a snub and still be as one blind and not seeing what is going on around him. Before he can attain a strong footing in our community he must be as meek as a lamb and, although he knows that he is not being treated just exactly right, he is obliged to remain in good spirits and show enmity toward none. If a prospective settler or a settler that has already bought his farm has any new or up-to-date tools the neighbors will want to borrow them. In order not to make an enemy of any one he must not refuse, although he does not like to part with his implements. He must look pleasant whether he wishes or not.

## TEARS.

When I consider life and its few years,  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose choked in the grass; an hour  
Of tears.

The gusts that past a darkening  
shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlit-  
tened street—  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yester-  
night,  
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of  
the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had  
Loose me from tears, and make me  
see aright.

How each hath back what once he  
stayed to  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!  
—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

When Kennison touched the electric  
button at the Mattery home on  
Thursday evening he had braced him-  
self for a little while—just for a chat with  
you—and Mrs. Mattery, he  
added.

"Well, I'm glad you counted her  
in," said Mattery, affably. "I was  
afraid you were going to make her  
stay out in the kitchen and peek at  
us through a keyhole. All right, then,  
how's Thursday evening? Are you  
loose Thursday? Fine! Here's the  
card with the regular little address.  
I'll tell the madam to sweep up Thurs-  
day—we're going to have company."

When Kennison touched the electric  
button at the Mattery home on  
Thursday evening he had braced him-  
self for a little while—just for a chat with  
you—and Mrs. Mattery, he  
added.

"Why, Rob Kennison, you old  
wretch!" she exclaimed, giving him  
both her hands. "What do you mean  
by deserting us like this? Sit down  
and let me look at you!"

Kennison felt his way to a chair,  
smiling weakly.

"I've—I've been very busy, Mrs.  
Mattery," he said, awkwardly. "Isn't  
—Jack at home?" he added in a  
sudden panic, as he realized that they  
were alone.

"Rob, don't you 'Mrs. Mattery' me,"  
she commanded, sitting down very  
close to him. "Helen is good enough  
around here. No, Jack was called  
away for a few minutes. He'll be  
back soon. I'm glad he's not here,  
Rob. I want to talk to you alone."

Kennison could feel cold perspira-  
tion burst from every pore. He  
glanced nervously through the win-  
dow in the vain hope that Mattery  
was coming up the walk to save him.  
"It's like old times, isn't it?" she  
cooed, moving her chair a little closer  
to him. "Do you know, I actually  
haven't seen you since I got married?"

"It is—it is as long as that!" asked  
Kennison, nervously. He choked and  
coughed as if he were trying to add  
something and finally it came out in  
a small, scared voice. "Helen," he  
added.

"That's right!" said Mrs. Mattery.  
"I was afraid you had forgotten my  
name! Tell me something—before  
Jack comes," she went on. "I'm re-  
ally anxious to know for a certain  
reason. Has anything in your life  
made you a—a woman-hater?"

Would Mattery never come? Kenn-  
ison could see things were rapidly ap-  
proaching one of those third-act cli-  
maxes he had witnessed in problem  
plays.

"Why—why—I don't understand  
you," he gurgled, rolling his handker-



"TELL ME SOMETHING—BEFORE JACK COMES."

chief into a clammy ball and dabbing  
the back of his left hand with it.  
"I know it's awfully foolish of me  
to think such a thing," went on Mrs.  
Mattery, "but something Jack said  
put it into my mind. I'm so glad it  
isn't true," she added, with a gentle  
sigh.

Something Jack said! Then he did  
suspect! They had been discussing  
the situation! In his distorted fancy  
Kennison could see Mattery storming  
out of the house and refusing to re-  
main to meet him! He leaned back  
in his chair weakly.

"I hope I'm not," he murmured.

"Now, I'm going to pry into you  
affairs a little bit," went on Helen,  
looking at him in the most bewitching  
way from the corners of her eyes.  
"Have you taken your vacation yet?"

"Not yet," said Kennison, in sur-  
prise. "I'm going away in about a  
fortnight."

"Do you ever go to Twin Lakes?"  
she went on, propping her chin on her  
hand and placing her elbow on her  
knee in the most confidential way im-  
aginable.

Kennison scented trouble in that in-  
nocent question and tried to avoid it.  
"I—I never have been there," he said.  
"I don't know where I'll go. I usually  
go out west to the mountains," he  
added desperately.

"We're going to Twin Lakes," she  
said, archly. "Couldn't you go there  
just this once and forget your moun-  
tains?"

Kennison realized that the crucial  
moment had come.

"Why—really?" he stammered,  
pounding his brow with the wet hand-  
kerchief. "I—I wouldn't like to prom-  
ise, Mrs. Matt—Helen—er—does Jack  
know that you—er—"

"I might as well tell you why I'm  
asking," said Helen suddenly. "I  
know the sweetest young widow! Yes,  
she's actually young—only five or six  
years older than I. You would like  
her, I know. She's going to be at  
Twin Lakes and I'm determined that  
you shall know her. Jack and I both  
think she would make just the right  
wife for you."—Chicago Daily News.

A Problem in Mathematics.  
The town of Sturgis in Mississippi  
is the only round square town in ex-  
istence. By legal enactment the cir-  
cle has been squared, and the mathe-  
matician may now proceed to calcu-  
late the area of a square circle. In  
the laws of Mississippi for the year  
1886, on page 682, is found the follow-  
ing:

"An act to incorporate the town of  
Sturgis, in Oktibbeha County, Missis-  
sippi."

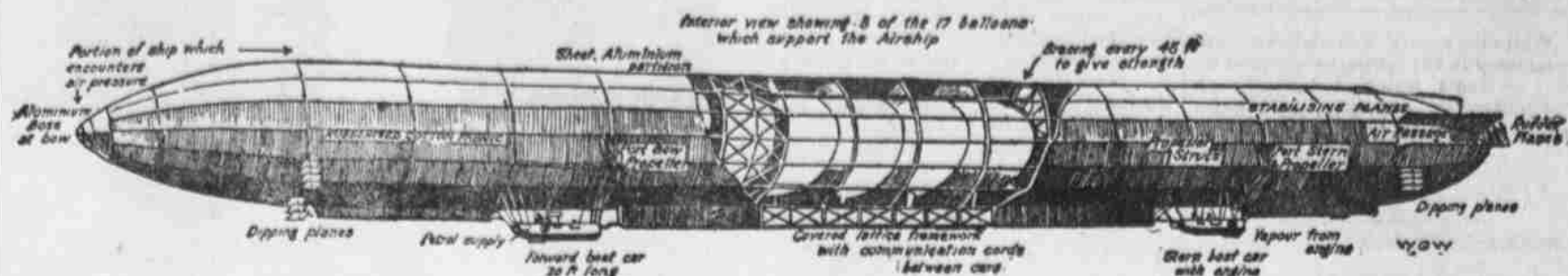
"Section 1. Be it enacted by the  
Legislature of the State of Mississippi,  
That the town of Sturgis, in the county  
of Oktibbeha, is hereby incorporated,  
and that the corporate limits of  
said town shall be as follows: Begin-  
ning at the quarter stake in front of  
Caleb Hannah's residence, and run-  
ning six hundred yards every direc-  
tion, making said corporate limits  
twelve hundred yards square."

Thus the circle is squared by the  
solemn declaration of the law.

There seems to be a yellow streak  
in human nature that makes it always  
want to shift the responsibility.

What has become of the old-fashion-  
ed mother who told her children that  
they would drive her distracted?

# HOW ZEPPELIN PLANS TO TRY TO REACH THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP



THE Kaiser and Count Zeppelin have joined forces for the discovery of the north pole by airship. The expedition is to be made with the aid of the most powerful Zeppelin vessel yet constructed. A series of preliminary flights through the polar latitudes will be carried out from Cross Bay on the island of Spitzbergen during the arctic summer of 1910. Announcements to this effect have thrilled and electrified Germany with patriotic excitement, writes a Berlin correspondent in the Philadelphia Ledger. The Fatherland cherishes the confident hope that the laurels of the arctic, for which gallant men of all nations have struggled and died, will finally fall to the conqueror of the air. The Kaiser takes an intense personal interest in aerological research, a branch of science in which great things are expected from the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition.

The expedition is to be conducted under the personal supervision of Count Zeppelin and his meteorological expert, Prof. von Hergesell, the celebrated Strassburg aerologist. The Count has been rebuffed so long by heartless fate and Prof. von Hergesell is so conservative a scientist that they disclaim any official intention of attempting to find the pole. They aver that their expedition is designed exclusively to "investigate the unknown regions of the arctic" and to make a series of scientific explorations and measurements in the polar latitudes. That is a sufficiently ample program, however, to comprehend the finding of the pole—which everybody in the know understands full well is the real objective of the expedition.

The 500-mile route from Cross Bay over Spitzbergen to the pole is easily within the radius of action of Zeppelin's airships. Zeppelin II, accom-  
plished a considerably greater task in its famous Whitsonide voyage across Germany six weeks ago. The reaching of the pole will depend wholly upon

the strength of the wind. As Zeppelin's ships, however, have amply demon-  
strated their ability to resist the wind, the Zeppelin-Hergesell expedition  
will proceed under incomparably more favorable conditions than any of  
their predecessors in search of the pole. Andree, for example, was com-  
pelled to adhere to certain wind directions. He was driven from his course  
and undoubtedly drowned.

The new expedition will certainly have to reckon with storms in the  
arctic regions, but climatic perils will not threaten it in summer. The snow  
danger is also unimportant, but the rays of the sun will provide difficulties,  
for the sun is constantly in the heavens and in the pure atmosphere throws  
off rays of stupendous degree. In the unexplored polar districts landings  
from airships will be possible only on ice floes, which are, however, admir-  
ably suited for the purpose. The reascend from these floes is purely a bal-  
loon engineering problem.

Fog, that arch enemy of the aeronaut in all latitudes, is a frequent  
phenomenon in the polar regions in the summer. Nansen, during his three  
years' voyage in the Fram, found an average of twenty foggy days in July  
and sixteen in August. On the other hand, the polar fog is never so thick,  
but it leaves the surface of the ice visible from an airship, and is therefore  
an obstacle that causes Count Zeppelin and Prof. Hergesell few qualms. A  
technical difficulty of considerably greater seriousness lies in the fact that  
the ordinary astronomical equipment, to speak only of the magnet in the  
mariner's compass, becomes absolutely useless in the neighborhood of the  
pole. This will make it necessary, as Wallman discovered, for the airship  
voyage to be carried out only a short distance above the ground, so that  
some sort of control may be kept by simple observation of the direction and  
speed of the flight.

## ONCE MORE A FAILURE!

Another American Girl Finds a Foreign Title a Burden.

Many as have been the disastrous  
failures among marriages between rich  
American girls and European men of  
title, none has been as com-  
plicated by more mental and  
physical misery than that of Elea-  
nor Patterson, of Chicago, and Count  
Gizycki, of Russian Poland. The shat-  
tered romance began six years ago.



Eleonor Patterson, the educated  
and sweet daughter of Robert  
W. Patterson, publisher of the Chicago  
Tribune, and a sister of Joseph Mc-  
Donald Patterson, a young millionaire  
widely known for his socialist views. In 1903 she was  
in St. Petersburg on a visit to her  
uncle, Robert S. McCormick, then am-  
bassador from the United States to Rus-  
sia. There she met Count Gizycki, a  
man twice her age, with a reputation  
as a spendthrift and rake.

The following year Count Gizycki  
came to Washington and renewed his  
acquaintance with Miss Patterson. His  
wooing was fast and furious and the  
girl was carried away by his polished  
manner and the glitter of his title.  
Despite all objection, in two weeks she  
married him. Her mother settled \$20-  
000 a year upon her and she and the  
count went to Vienna. Then the trouble  
began.

The count's extravagance  
and gambling habits at the Austrian  
capital plunged him deeper in debt  
than before, and because of his dis-  
appointments he became the mock of Eu-  
rope.

In March, 1908, came the crisis. The  
countess taxed her husband with his  
wild habits and the nobleman knocked  
her down with his fist. They separated  
and she went to London with her  
baby, the Countess Felicia, beginning  
an action for divorce in Paris, a suit  
which ultimately she won. In April,  
1908, in connection with her suit, she  
crossed from London to Paris, leaving  
the baby countess in charge of a  
nurse just outside the British capital.

In the hope of stopping the suit for  
divorce and of forcing more money  
from his wife, the count made a rush  
trip to England, stole the baby and  
carried her to Vienna, where he ac-  
creted her in one of his castles just  
outside the city. The countess was  
frantic over the loss of the child and  
employed detectives by the score to  
trace the baby. Once Felicia was lo-  
cated the authorities interposed so  
many barriers against the mother that  
the count had ample time to carry the  
little countess to a castle near St. Pe-  
tersburg.

Meanwhile Joseph McDaniel McCormick  
and another member of the Patterson  
and McCormick families were bringing  
every influence to bear on the courts  
of France and Russia to recover Fel-  
icia legally. It was not until a secret  
compact, which never has been clearly  
explained, was entered into with the  
Czar, mainly through the work of for-  
mer Ambassador McCormick, that an  
imperial decree compelled the count to  
give up the custody of the girl. After  
recovering her daughter the countess  
hurried to Cherbourg and sailed for  
New York City. From New York the  
party hurried on to Chicago, where the  
Countess Gizycki and the little Coun-  
tess Felicia will reside in future.

pleased to have escaped from the toils  
of a nobleman lost to all sense of de-  
cency.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

Story to the Effect That the Stan-  
dard Oil Company Will Rival Cow.

The Standard Oil Company has de-  
cided to drive the cow and the dairy-  
man out of business, says the New  
York Press. Its skilled chemists have  
discovered a process whereby they  
can make gill-edge butter as a by-  
product of crude petroleum. If re-  
ports are true, plans have been pre-  
pared and contracts soon will be let  
for putting up a big butter-making  
plant as a new departure of the Stan-  
dard Oil works in the Constable Hook  
section of Bayonne.

It was thought the limit had been  
reached in the by-product business

## NOTED WOMEN GIVING AWAY HUGE AMERICAN FORTUNES

MANY native and foreign critics of American civilization have  
deplored the spendthrift tendencies of a certain class of Amer-  
ican women, with little dwelling on the reverse side of the  
picture—the quiet, unostentatious giving  
away of millions of dollars annually by  
philanthropically-inclined members of the  
sex. Foremost among the gifts made by  
women in the United States is the endowment of Leland  
Stanford, Jr., University with \$30,000,000 by Mrs. Leland  
Stanford. This institution was started in 1885, in mem-  
ory of the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, by Mr.  
Stanford. His will gave the university \$2,500,000, and  
the \$30,000,000 gift of his widow disposed of nearly the  
whole residue of the estate.

Mrs. Russell Sage probably is the most prominent of  
living women philanthropists. She is disposing of the  
\$65,000,000 that her husband acquired in fifty years at  
the rate of about \$8,000,000 a year. The Russell Sage Foun-  
dation, with an endowment of \$10,000,000, is the largest single charity in the  
world. It is insured an annual income of about \$400,000. Its work, in the  
words of Mrs. Sage's deed of gift, will be "to eradicate as far as possible the  
causes of poverty and ignorance, rather than to relieve  
the sufferings of those who are poor and ignorant."

Miss Helen Gould's gifts likewise have been widely dis-  
tributed. She has spent more than \$10,000,000 of the  
fortune left her by Jay Gould, her father. Perhaps no  
methods of moneymaking have been more widely con-  
demned than those of Jay Gould, but his daughter has  
shown how great blessings can come from the wise use  
of money. She has endowed schools and churches and  
has given largely for relief and aid work among the sol-  
diers and sailors of the United States army and navy.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the first wife of William  
K. Vanderbilt, gave \$100,000 to the Nassau Hospital at  
Mineola, L. I. She has been actively interested in dis-  
tress for the poor of New York. Mrs. Belmont  
intends, it is said, to spend part of her fortune  
in advancing the cause of woman suffrage, to which she  
recently became a convert. Her daughter, the Duchess  
of Marlborough, formerly Consuela Vanderbilt, is also  
known for her philanthropies among the London poor.

Miss Gula Morosini, daughter and heiress of the fa-  
mous banker who passed away about a year ago, spends  
large sums in aiding children in New York, especially  
at Christmas time. She gives largely also to charitable  
institutions. Mrs. Harold P. McCormick of Chicago,  
formerly Miss Edith Rockefeller, had much to do with  
the direction of the charitable work done by her father,  
John D. Rockefeller, before she was married, and is said  
to spend largely, though quietly, now in aid of many  
charities.

There are countless others, less conspicuous than those named, whose  
spirit of giving is manifested in widely varying forms, all testifying to the  
American woman's appreciation of the fact that money is most profitably  
spent when used for the benefit of others.

when delicate perfumes were extracted  
from kerosene. Until recently no  
one had an idea the Standard Oil had  
designed against the butter and the  
oleomargarine industries. It is pre-  
dicted confidently that within a year  
the only butter on sale in the Ameri-  
can market will bear the Standard  
Oil label, and that petroleum butter  
also will be an active and aggressive  
competitor with creamy butter for  
supremacy in the foreign markets.

Since the new process was discov-  
ered every precaution possible has  
been taken by the Standard Oil offi-  
cials to prevent the secret leaking. It  
was only by accident it became public.  
The story, which comes from Bayonne,  
is that the chemists and Standard Oil  
officials were so elated by the discov-  
ery that they made eight pounds of  
the butter and put it in a box to be  
shipped to John D. Rockefeller. When  
it came to making out the express slip,  
the term "Petroleum Butter" was used.  
That led to inquiries which finally  
elicited the information that the  
Rockefeller corporation is going into  
the butter-making business. Nor did it  
end with that. Assertion also was  
made that the chemists, in the steps  
leading up to the petroleum butter  
discovery, also have perfected a cheap  
process by which they can convert the  
kerosene into sweet milk, with a larger  
percentage of butter fat than cow's  
milk possesses. By running the petro-  
leum milk through separators of high  
speed all the butter fat, or cream, is  
extracted. That leaves the tanks of  
the separators filled with rich and  
wholesome self-pasteurized buttermilk.  
If that is true, the butter, cream, sweet  
milk, buttermilk and cottage cheese  
markets soon will be dominated by the  
Standard Oil.

When your ship finally comes in  
the cargo will be more valuable for  
your long wait.

## PEASANT AND THE DIAMOND.

Monster Stone Found by Antoine in  
An Abandoned Prospect.

Let me give you the actual episode  
of Antoine. Antoine was so humble a  
peasant that when he left Viorzon and  
took up prospecting in South Africa,  
nobody asked what his other name  
was, Franklin Clarkins says in Every-  
body's. Having no capital save his  
muscles, he asked leave to dig, on  
shares, a claim on the Vaal River with  
which one prospector after another  
had become discouraged. Antoine got  
a Kafir boy to help. The yield was  
pitiful. He asked the boy to stop work-  
ing the center and try the side. When  
the boy did not understand Antoine  
impatiently drove his own pick in the  
place designated.

"Suddenly (says one who knew him  
on that day) he was spellbound at  
sight of a large stone—a diamond. For  
some moments he could not move and  
could not speak. He feared it was an  
illusion, like the mirage of water  
which appears to men long athirst. He  
expected it to vanish if he winked an  
eyelash. Collecting his energies, he  
darted forward and clutched the stone.  
Such was the tumult within him that  
for two days he was unable to eat or  
do anything but laugh and cry!"

Now, back home in Viorzon, where  
he had been a peasant, he sits, as you  
may see, in comfort and content, with  
a glass replica of the diamond on the  
tip of his weather vane, for the stone  
itself weighed 288 carats in the rough,  
120 carats when cut and those who  
purchased it paid hundreds of thou-  
sands of dollars to possess it.

Natural Deduction.

"I tell you," said the moralizer,  
"honesty pays in the long run."

"According to that," rejoined the de-  
moralizer, "I suppose dishonesty pays  
best for a short distance."

## BRINGING IN THE GOLD.

How the Precious Metal Is Guarded  
and Transported in Alaska.

"Six tons and a half of yellow gold,  
\$3,200,000 worth of virgin metal, the  
largest single shipment ever brought  
out from Alaska, was unloaded from  
the steamship Jefferson of the Alaska  
Steamship Company a couple of weeks  
ago," said Fred W. Armstrong of Seat-  
tle, Wash., to a Washington Herald re-  
porter.

"Of that sum," continued Mr. Arm-  
strong, \$2,800,000 was sent out by mail  
and about \$400,000 by express, coming  
from Fairbanks Circle, Dawson, and  
other rich camps of the interior. The  
gold was accompanied by several  
wealthy mine operators with thou-  
sands in their clothes, who have come  
to attend the Seattle fair.

"Receiving less consideration appar-  
ently than the trunks and suitcases of  
the passengers, the sacks of gold were  
put ashore at pier 2 by the sling load,  
only a small number watching the rich  
cargo discharging, and many of them  
not realizing that the dirty leather  
mail pouches were filled with the pre-  
cious metal."

"In dust and bricks the treasure was  
shipped from the various camps along  
the Tanana and Yukon on the steam-  
boat Victorian of the White Pass and  
Yukon fleet. The spring clean-up in  
Central Alaska and the Yukon territo-  
ry started long before the river was  
free of ice, and the dumps were re-  
lieved of a rich burden this spring be-  
fore the first boat was able to feel its  
way against the ice toward Lake Le  
Barge. On the Victorian a heavy armed  
guard kept watch night and day to  
prevent any possibility of robbery. At  
White Horse the gold was shipped by  
rail to Skagway, thence to be taken by  
the Jefferson and rushed to Seattle."

"After stinging 100 heavy sacks of  
gold on the deck the consignment was  
taken to the postoffice in a dozen mail  
wagons which were waiting on the  
dock. There were some extra men  
from the office to guard the treasure,  
but the weight of the pouches, one of  
which two men could barely lift, made  
robbery almost an impossibility."

"The shipment on the Jefferson be-  
sides being the largest ever brought  
out indicates a large clean-up in Ala-  
ska this summer."

## MOST BARE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

That of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Signer  
of Declaration, of Great Value.

"What is the most expensive auto-  
graph you ever sold?" inquired the re-  
porter.

"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," an-  
swered the dealer. The reporter looked  
perfectly blank. "Never heard of  
him," he confessed.

"Well, he was a signer of the De-  
claration of Independence. He signed  
it as proxy for his father, who was ill  
at the time. Soon after he went to  
sea and was never heard of again.  
Now, autographs of Declaration sign-  
ers are much sought by collectors.  
None approach, in rarity, those of  
Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as  
I know, there is only one in existence."

"This is affixed to an autograph let-  
ter addressed by Lynch to George Wash-  
ington, which lends it additional value.  
It was owned at one time by Jared  
Sparks, president of Harvard College.  
Subsequently it passed to Thomas Ad-  
dis Emmet, from whom I bought it for  
the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Au-  
gustin Daly, who was a keen auto-  
graph collector, for \$4,500. Later, Em-  
met repented of letting the autograph  
go from his possession, and secured it  
from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it af-  
terward to the Lenox library, New  
York, where it now is."

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

John, Jr.—Will you give me a nickel  
if I'm good all day, dad?  
John, Sr.—No, my son; I want you  
to be good for nothing.

Your neighbors are very sure to  
come down to your expectations.



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